

MAINE FARMER AND MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

WILLIAM NOYES,
Publisher.

Saturday Morning,
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Agriculture produces a patriot in the truest acceptation of the word.—Talleyrand.



MAINE FARMER.

Scrap from our Note Book.

BIRDS OF MAINE.—About fifteen years ago, we spent much time, labor and money in collecting and preparing specimens of the birds of Maine, with a view of employing the material so collected as aids in illustrating the Ornithology of our State. Certain reverses, which it is not now necessary to name, came over us and our plans. The cabinet of preserved specimens, which cost so much pains and care, has, for ought we know, gone to the bugs, and we shall probably never do much more about it, for minutes and manuscripts that we made have, in the many moves which the fates compelled us to make, been nearly all lost.

But still the birds of Maine remain the same in species and character, and it is a fine field for some young naturalists to investigate. Those who live in the sea shore are near neighbors to the Osprey or Fishhawk, and those who live in the interior, or the margin of our streams and lakes, are also visited by him in the summer. He is a quiet inoffensive bird, doing no harm except to the finny tribe. The ease with which he skins along the air, apparently without motion of his wings, as if his flight depended upon mere volition, and the dexterity with which he "nabs" the unwary fish, are always interesting to the attentive observer.

Orothologists give the following technical description of this species.

Falco Haliaeetus, Osprey or Fish Hawk.

The fish hawk is 22 inches in length and five feet three inches in extent. The bill is deep and black, the upper as well as the lower one, (for the base of the lower mandible has a loose moveable skin) and also the sides of the mouth from the nostrils backwards are of a light blue; the crown and hind part of the head is pure white, the front part is streaked with brown; through the eye a bar of dark blackish brown passes to the neck, behind which, as well as the whole upper part is deep brown, the edges of the feathers lighter; shafts of the wing quills are of a brownish white color; the tail slightly rounded and of rather a paler brown than the body and crossed with eight bars of very dark brown. The wings when shut extend about an inch beyond the tail and are nearly black towards the tips. The inner case of both quill and tail feathers are whitish barred with brown; the whole lower parts are pure white except the thighs which are covered with short plumage and streaked down the fore part with pale brown. The legs and feet are very pale light blue prodigiously strong and disproportionately large, they are covered with flat scales of remarkable strength and thickness resembling when dry the teeth of a large rasp, particularly on the soles, intended no doubt to enable the bird to seize securely his slippery prey. The thighs are long, the legs short, and feathered a little below the knee, as well as the feet and claws, are large; the latter are hooked into semi-circles, which are black and very sharply pointed. The iris of the eye is of a fiery yellow orange color.

The female is full two inches longer; the upper part of the head is of a less pure white, and the brown streaks on the front spreading more over the crown the throat and upper part of the breast and are dashed with large blotches of a pale brown color and the bar passing through the eye not of so dark a brown. The feathers on the neck and hind part of the head are long and narrow and generally erected when the bird is irritated, resembling those of the Eagle.

Wilson, after observing that "the regular return of this noted bird at the vernal Equinox, when the busy season of fishing commences, adds peculiar interest to its first appearance"—breaks out into the following rhapsody.

Soon as the sun, great ruler of the year

Bends to our northern climes his bright career

And from the eaves of ocean calls from sleep

The finny shoals and myriads of the deep;

When freezing tempests back to Greenland ride;

And day and night the equal hours divide,

True to the season o'er our sea beat shore.

The sailing Osprey is seen to soar

With broad unmovable wing, and circling slow

Marks each loose straggler in the deep below,

Sweeps down like lightning! plunges with a roar,

And bears his struggling victim to the shore.

The long housed fisherman beholds with joy

The well known signal of his rough employ;

And as he bears his nets and oars along,

Thus hails the welcome season with a song.

THE FISHERMAN'S HYMN.

The Osprey sails above the sound,

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

New Series. Vol. II. No. 14.
Whole No. 534.

The geese are gone—the gulls are flying;
The herring shoals swarm thick around,
Their nets are launched—the boats are plowing;

Yo ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep,
Raise high the song, and cheerly wish her,
As on the bending net we sweep,

"God bless the Fish hawk and the Fisher!"

She brings us fish—she brings us spring,
Good times, fair weather, warmth and plenty,
Fine stores of shad, trout, herring, bring,
Sheepshead and drum and old-wives dainty.

Yo ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep,
By every oar, and cheerly wish her,

Still as the bending net we sweep,

"God bless the Fish hawk and the Fisher!"

She bears her young on yonder tree,
She leaves her faithful mate to mind 'em,
Like us for fish she sails to sea,

And plumping, shews us where to find 'em.

Yo ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep,
Ply every oar, and cheerly wish her,

While the slow bending net we sweep,

"God bless the Fish hawk and the Fisher!"

Now butter and cheese are light articles to transport to market, and if well made will always command a good price. Let us calculate a little—Four good cows will in one year give a profit of \$100, and I believe that three cows properly managed will give the amount of profit if of a superior quality. Now where is the farmer who can not support himself and family upon his farm independently of his butter and cheese? This will give a profit over and above expenditures of one hundred dollars per annum, which will in due time render a farmer of industrious and frugal habits so independent that he would not thank even the Pope to "kiss his great toe." But the business of butter and cheese making requires skill as well as labor, and N. England women and girls are good for something and no doubt they can make good butter and cheese. I have named skill, a little learning may be necessary for dairy women, certainly a little chemistry which treats of the *intimate* nature of *substances* wanted, a good share of common sense. Our climate is well adapted to the business of making butter and cheese. It is said that the Bostonians prefer the butter and cheese made in Vermont to that made in our State. I do not wish to injure the business of the Vermont girls, but there is room enough for us all. Let us, gentlemen farmers, see to this business and raise the "credit" of our butter and cheese in the great markets.

Again, the farmer must not forget to plough his cow pasture. A farmer may clear away the stumps and the stones (which should be put into stone wall, and all other obstructions to the plough and turn over the sward, sowing fresh grass seed, this will improve the pasture. No other crop but grass should be taken from the cow pasture unless manure be applied. The farmer may do ample justice to one acre in a year and clear away every obstruction to the plough.

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As I shall have occasion to allude to this subject again and illustrate by figures, I will close this paper by relating an incident in my own experience. I became indebted during last summer to one of my neighbors in the sum of about six dollars. When the time of payment came the most pressing want of my creditor was bread. Money, if required, was only needed to be exchanged for flour. Not having the money I proposed to pay in good clear Black Sea Wheat at one dollar per bushel, and to carry the wheat to the city mill and return without any charge. This offer was indignantly rejected because "Black Sea Wheat" did not make white flour—it did not spend so well—and 300 lbs of good plump clean wheat was not worth so much as a barrel of southern flour of 196 lbs—and finally when flour was not quite "equal to Boston." I then proposed to furnish a few pounds by way of trial, because I had raised a small surplus of wheat, and I felt a desire to maintain its credit, partly on account of believing that I introduced the first bushel of Black Sea Wheat into this State; but this offer was rejected. Nothing but Southern flour would do. How was I to procure Southern Flour? My creditor had been for the last six years, and still is a town pauper. What will our friend Rolfe call this? A triumph of industry over pauperism, or of pauperism over industry?

Let every man bear this in mind, and labor to support the industry of the city, and develop our home resources, and we shall find that most of the articles manufactured or produced in New England, can be obtained here, "equal to Boston."

To Mr. Thomas Phelps.—My text is taken from an Editorial article in the Bangor Courier under date of Nov. 30 1841. The writer goes on to enumerate certain manufactures, which to encourage, and to procure at home every article of prime necessity that can be profitably produced, is overlooked by many under the idea that home manufacturers are not "equal to Boston."

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nest it was, and plenty within its walls. The closer in the fields which he had cleared from rocks was enough to make the most social cow in the world feel emotions of pleasure, yea, and of pain too if she were to eat too much. These fields of four or five acres each resembled fortresses by reason of the strong wall which had been thrown, and the huge piles of rocks a little less than hay cocks held out the idea of shot for their defense. Here it was that an old son of Neptune, after having escaped many dangers of the sea had entrenched himself. And whether it was that the heaving upon rocks reminded him of heaving the anchor of a ship and thereby kept up an old habit of exertion I know not, but I was well assured that he and his boys liked the business well. He informed me that he and his boys thought they did but little at work for the Bangor market to exchange for the productions of the mechanic's art. Will they exchange? No! Country wheat flour is not quite "equal to Boston." For wheat, there is no sale in the Bangor market. Suppose the farmer produces a surplus of wheat, will it exchange for what he wants? No! except so much as is wanted to eat fresh. Nearly all the salted meat is imported. Suppose the farmer produces a surplus of wool, will it exchange? Not at all. For wool there is positively no sale.

As I shall have occasion to allude to this subject again and illustrate by figures, I will close this paper by relating an incident in my own experience. I became indebted during last summer to one of my neighbors in the sum of about six dollars. When the time of payment came the most pressing want of my creditor was bread. Money, if required, was only needed to be exchanged for flour. Not having the money I proposed to pay in good clear Black Sea Wheat at one dollar per bushel, and to carry the wheat to the city mill and return without any charge. This offer was indignantly rejected because "Black Sea Wheat" did not make white flour—it did not spend so well—and 300 lbs of good plump clean wheat was not worth so much as a barrel of southern flour of 196 lbs—and finally when flour was not quite "equal to Boston." I then proposed to furnish a few pounds by way of trial, because I had raised a small surplus of wheat, and I felt a desire to maintain its credit, partly on account of believing that I introduced the first bushel of Black Sea Wheat into this State; but this offer was rejected. Nothing but Southern flour would do. How was I to procure Southern Flour? My creditor had been for the last six years, and still is a town pauper. What will our friend Rolfe call this? A triumph of industry over pauperism, or of pauperism over industry?

To Mr. Holmes.—Will you be so obliging to a Dairy woman in Winthrop, as to request Dr. Bates to forward a drawing of one of their Goshen Churns through your paper, in which a dog or sheep chews their butter. It is believed that the Dr. can produce such a drawing as will aid an ingenious mechanic to make one, and thus save me much hard work. If he will be so accommodating I shall forever feel under obligation to him.

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POETRY.

TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD.

Seldom indeed have we read any thing more beautiful than the following touching and eloquent tribute, from the pen of the far-famed "Amelia" of the Louisville Journal, to the memory of "Viola," one of the departed lady poets of the West:

[From the Christian World]

VIOLA.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. WELEY.

She hath passed like a dream from the minstrel throng; Has gone to the land where the lovely belong! Her place is hushed by her lover's side, Yet his heart is full of his fair young bride; The hopes of his spirit are crushed and bowed, As he thinks of his love in her long white shroud; For the fragrant sighs of her perfumed breath, Were kiss'd from her lips by his rival—Death.

Cold is her bosom, her thin white arms All mately crossed o'er its icy charms, As she lies, like a statue of Grecian art, With a marbled brow and a cold flushed heart. Her locks were bright, but their gloss is hid, Her eye is sunken in waxen lid: And thus she lies in her narrow hall— Our fair young minstrel—the loved of all.

Light as a bird's were her springing feet, Her heart as joyous—her song as sweet. Yet never again shall that heart be stirr'd With its glad wild songs like a singing bird. Never again shall the strain be sung, That sweetness dropped from her silver tongue; The music is over, and Death's cold dart Hath broke the spell of that free, glad heart.

Often at eve when the breeze is still, And the moon floats up by the distant hill, As I wander alone 'mid the summer bowers, And wreath my locks with the sweet wild flowers, I will think of the time when she lingered there, With her mild blue eyes, and her long fair hair; I will cherish her name in my bosom's core— But my heart is sad—I can sing no more.

THE FATE OF A RAIN-DROP.

Its home was the breast of a beautiful cloud That brilliantly curtained the sky, And caught from the sun the rich color that glowed

In the light of its glorious eye.

The rain-drop was gazing on all that was spread Beneath, like a magical scene; Till it pined to repose on a canopied bed Of lovely and delicate green.

A zephyr came roving in idleness, And down on its gossamer wing, The tremulous rain drop sprang eager to try A flight on so wondrous a thing.

The zephyr careered through the mid-summer air, And just at the eveide close, Laid gently the delicate burden it bare, In the innermost cell of a rose.

The wanderer gazed, in a transport of bliss, At the crimson-wrought tapestries hung So gorgeously round it—and fragrance like this O'er its bosom had never been flung.

"Twas the joy of a moment. A beautiful girl, While straying through garden and bower, Paused lightly to show her companion the pearl That lay on the breast of the flower. "Tis a chalice containing an exquisite draught, Which Emily only can sip," He said, as he gathered the rose-bud—she quaffed, And the pearl was dissolved on her lips.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Farmer & Advocate.

The Two Travellers.

CHAPTER 4.

Harry D. to James D. C. Good Hope, Jan. 8, 1838.

Dear James; At the close of our musical Concert mentioned in my last, a threatening tempest induced our visitors, at the request of Mr. Erskine, to stay all night. We returned to the house, when an interesting conversation arose on the future prospects of Africa. Lord Bondam appeared to look at every thing with a view to the attainment and perpetuity of power in the British Empire; whilst Mr. Erskine took a birds eye view of passing events with the purest perceptions of philanthropy. Lord Bondam took occasion to inquire, in reply to some of Mr. Erskine's how is it possible these stupid Africans can ever rise to the dignity of intelligent beings, and take a rank with the enlightened nations of Europe? Mr. Erskine replied, before we look ahead let us look back, and see if we cannot find something in the history of the past to redeem the character of Africa from the charge you bring; or at any rate abate much its pertinence.

Look back, I say, on the pages of authentic history and see what ancient Egypt was. Without the splendid light of that divine revelation which now irradiates the British Empire, she still arose to a proud height in science and the arts. Then, Sir, look at Great Britain only five hundred years ago, and ask yourself this one plain question, would her condition then bear a comparison with ancient Egypt. It is true that the record of her ancient greatness, most of them perished when the famous Library at Alexandria was consigned to the flames by the followers of Mahomet. Still we have a small scrap of her history left us in the bible; and from that small scrap we may derive a volume of instruction. We also find some monuments on her soil of too imperishable materials to perish in the flames which consumed her parchments. From the light irradiated from these sources we learn that on Africa's despoiled and insulted continent, once existed a country as renowned in arms as your own favored country. And not only in arms but in science and in the arts she stood preeminent. Her agricultural attainments were undoubtedly of a high order. For we find her, from authentic records, opening her immense magazines of provisions in a time of famine; not only to her own citizens, but to those of other nations. In respect to priority of time, and considering the disadvantages under which she labored as being in the van of improvement, and without the benefit of past experience which we enjoy, I think her attainments place her on higher ground than we occupy. The first "Agricultural Survey," of which I ever read, was planned and executed in Egypt.

Agricultural Survey in Egypt! exclaimed old Capt. Random; who ever heard of such a thing? Be quiet my good Lord, Capt. Ran-

dom, I will read you from the record itself. "Now, therefore, let Pharaoh look out a man discreet and wise and set him over the land of Egypt. Let Pharaoh do this, and let him [that is the surveyor] appoint officers [assistants] over the land, and take up the fifth part of the land of Egypt in the seven plenteous years. And let them gather all the food in those good years that come, and lay up corn under the hand of Pharaoh, and let them keep food in their cities. And that food shall be for store against the seven years of famine, which shall be in the land of Egypt; that the land perish not with the famine."

And the thing was good in the eyes of Pharaoh, and in the eyes of all his servants. And Pharaoh said unto the servant, can we find such a one as this is, a man in whom the spirit of God is?

And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, Forasmuch as God hath shewed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art. Here follows his appointment in the following words, to wit:—See I have set thee over all the land of Egypt. And Pharaoh took off the ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph's hand &c. I need read no more. This commission, thus solemnly given to Joseph, as Agricultural surveyor, it appears from subsequent history was faithfully performed; and the records no doubt deposited in that library, so wantonly destroyed by the Moslems. You see then, my dear Sir, my idea of an Agricultural Survey in ancient Egypt is no fiction of mine. We also have another signal proof of the regard of the Egyptian monarch to the interests of Agriculture in the subsequent history of Joseph and his brethren. After Joseph had presented his father and five of his brethren to Pharaoh, and had learned their occupations, Pharaoh said, "if thou knowest any man of activity among them, then make them rulers over my cattle. Thus it is evident the views of Pharaoh were prospective of future benefit to Egypt beyond mere sustenance during the threatened famine. And though a strictly pastoral life was an abomination to the Egyptians, yet Pharaoh gladly availed himself of their skill in rearing cattle; for it appears by the history of Joseph's father, that the old gentleman was a consummately skillful breeder of stock. Here then, you see what ancient Egypt was. But my, dear Sir, Egypt stands not alone renowned on the pages of ancient history. Carthage was for a long time the rival of proud Rome. And for aught that appears to human foresight might, had Hannibal been backed by the government at Home, had triumphed in the second punic war, and Africa remained the seat of empire and the sciences.

From such considerations as these, I am to conclude there is nothing in the soil of northern Africa, and a large tract of the southern part, or in the climate, to prevent the intellect from rising to the highest point of intelligence of which human nature is capable. And now, my dear Sir, I have different views from you of the designs of Providence in granting to Great Britain that universal empire she now maintains. I consider her the mother of vast and independent empires. Already has one vast empire been severed from her bosom, and now ranks, excepting one foul blot on her escutcheon, with the freest and the fairest on this earth. It may be long before another may be severed. That may depend on her wisdom and prudence. But the day will come, if the light of Christianity and science has its legitimate effects on the inhabitants of Hindostan, and renders them adequate to the purpose of self government, then Providence will never sever that country as it did America from the British empire. The continent of New Holland also, will probably form another vast empire as renowned as any I have mentioned. And finally our Cape colony here, may be the nucleus of another empire.

Well says the Capt., you have some curious ideas of which I never thought before. I always considered this colony as affording a convenient stopping place in carrying on our commerce with the East Indies. But Sir, I believe it will take even the brightest light of science and Christianity many ages to produce a race from the native population of Africa adequate to the high and lofty purpose you describe.

Go, said Mr. Erskine, and converse with that honest African who was one of our musical party to day, and examine him critically in the great principles of morality and religion,—examine him further on his views and principles before he received the gospel, as also on the principles and events inculcated and recorded in the Bible; and however coarse the language may be in which they may be clothed, you will find some thing which we ourselves might blush to acknowledge our ignorance of. I never converse with him for any time on these things but my heart involuntarily yields to him the palm in moral excellence, and that knowledge which alone is truly valuable.

Why truly if the question at issue, said the Capt. was one of mere moral excellence I think I should myself yield the palm to old Demby, but I cannot from that admit the existence of that general intelligence which is necessary to constitute the learned man, and qualify to govern the State.

Nor I neither said, Mr. Erskine; but if we find he has, in the sphere in which he has moved shown most satisfactorily a mind capable of great moral improvements, and in

other things to which his capacities for improvement have been directed, made a great improvement as you or I could have done, why should we not allow him equal intellect, as far as concerns the question as to what nature has done for him. When I was very young, I was acquainted in a family in which lived a negro boy about my age that I thought one of the greatest dunces in creation. His master, and mistress especially, took great pains to learn him to read, and I frequently was invited to take the book and look over him, but almost in vain. But on looking back I can discover a sufficient reason why his faculties in this respect should lie dormant. After all the pains taken and kindness shown him, he ate by himself and slept by himself, and in fact had almost hourly evidence that he was considered a creature of a different grade in creation from those of his own age, who surrounded him. Now had I been placed in the same situation at that age, I verily believe I should have been as dull as he. There is nothing in creation that has a more direct tendency to make a beast of a man than to treat him as such. Now we know it is a striking feature in our political constitution that the great gulf between the higher and lower classes is bridged over. That is, the highest offices and honors in the State [except royalty] are possible to all. Hence then we find in our army or navy as well as sometimes in the arts, the Peers and Westminster Abby present a lofty mark for the ambition of the humblest individual. And children early learn these facts, I knew them as soon almost as I knew any thing. Now in this point of view, what had that poor colored boy I have mentioned practically before his eyes to inspire him with courage. None of his own color around him were distinguished in society; nor was he permitted to mingle on equal terms with his white companions. In short he was led to consider himself nothing but a poor despised negro.

Yours, dear brother with sincere affection.

HARRY DUMPS.

For the Farmer & Advocate.

An Invalid's Ramble.

NO. 7.

Proceeding half a mile to the north of Mount Auburn, we come to a beautiful pond of water, called Fresh Pond, which attracts multitudes of visitors. It has the shape of a crescent, only that the two points swell out, forming a beautiful curve, and leaving the narrowest place in the middle. Into this recess a small hillock jets boldly, covered with a dense growth of hemlock. Near by is a public house, and by the waters edge a boat-house, in front of which is a multitude of boats of all descriptions for the use of visitors. The proprietor has caused the grove to be cleared out and seats placed in various parts of it; while the pond itself is quite surrounded by a walk. Its shores are smoothed down in the best manner, and its water filled with fine pickerel and perch, which fearlessly and with great dignity swim quite to the waters edge. It is very pleasant on a fine day to take a boat, and move leisurely over its calm bosom, or pausing drop a hook to entangle the finny tribes. There are many visitors to this place on almost any day in the summer months, but on Sunday comes the "grand rush," for then multitudes of loafers from the city crowd its shores and cover its beautiful surface to pass away the listless day. In winter enormous quantities of ice are taken from it for the use of the city, and for shipping to foreign ports.

Let us turn over another leaf. The important duties of the dinner hour are performed, and we have been sitting for some time in the "bar-room"—(don't be alarmed, Washingtonians, there was no liquor in it) enjoying the luxury of removing obstructions from the teeth as usual. 'Tis 3 o'clock, all is well, and a pleasant afternoon. Exercise in the open air (if you can say they have open air amid these piles of brick) promotes health, and so we will take a walk. We will pass along Washington street, one of the longest and most respectable in the city. But first make up your mind that you do not wish to buy any thing, or you will not get along very fast. The numerous splendid stores with their glaring windows filled with panes of glass "six feet by two," filled with an enticing assortment of every kind of goods, will, if you have not previously determined to the contrary, attract too much of your attention. Have your eyes about you at the cross streets, or you may be knocked into the middle of the street, if not into the "middle of next week." Now you encounter a "dead rush." The side walks are thronged with one vast mass of human beings (I suppose from various appearances) of almost every imaginable shape, from the huge individual, who "puffs and blows" like the steam pipe of a ferry boat, and whose dimensions so nearly resemble a globe, that you can easily imagine, he could be rolled as well one way as the other, to the pony sprig of mortality of scarce three years, old and young, rich and poor, black and white—all are on the move double quick time. There is no loitering, no moving slow; for even the most incurable lasson assumes a determined air, a sort of business look, and accelerates his powers of locomotion, as if by his industry "something was going to be done." Now the bright fairy-like form of beauty glides by you, and the attenuated figure might, for a moment leave you in doubt whether it were some illusion

created by the imagination, the "heat-oppressed brain," or were a small reality; and anon the portly dame mopes majestically along by you, appropriating a large share of the sidewalk to herself, leaving you to get along as you can, and by her solid look giving you an idea of "Dollars laid up." The street itself is full of vehicles. Omnibuses thunder along, hucks rattle, cabs fly, chaises hasten, wagons crack, and trucks slowly rumble along. Everything is on the move, all is bustle and

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We take a turn and pass into the Tremont, and the fine street, and soon arrive at the Boston Museum. We enter, and, passing through the various halls, find a fine collection of curiosities of all kinds. There are 180 paintings, 46 specimens of marble and plaster statuary, 54 portraits, 126 engravings, many thousand specimens of birds, quadrupeds, reptiles, insects, shells, minerals, fossils, curiosities from various parts of the world, &c. Among the paintings is the "Passage of the Delaware" by T. Sully, the finest picture ever painted in America. Its size is 13 by 17 feet. Its principal figures are faithful portraits of Washington, Knox, Green, and Morgan, its cost was several thousand dollars, having employed the artist some years in its completion. Among the statues is a copy of the celebrated Venus de Medici, a very beautiful statue showing the matchless proportions of the human frame, untorted by the foolish bondage of fashion. It would seem that one glance at such a figure would convince all, that the human frame needs no construction in order to present perfect beauty of form.

So stands the statue that enchants the world. So bending tries to veil the matchless bust. The mingled beauties of exalting Greece," but the invalid's head aches sufficiently hard on account of looking at so many vanities in so short a time. Let him now return to his inn, and seek a little rest from "nature's calm restorer"—sleep.

EPHEBES.

No. 3, Rural Avenue, Farmington.

For the Farmer & Advocate.

Extract from the travels of an American in Virginia, Potomac Church.

Proceeding half a mile to the north of Mount Auburn, we come to a beautiful pond of water, called Fresh Pond, which attracts multitudes of visitors. It has the shape of a crescent, only that the two points swell out, forming a beautiful curve, and leaving the narrowest place in the middle. Into this recess a small hillock jets boldly, covered with a dense growth of hemlock. Near by is a public house, and by the waters edge a boat-house, in front of which is a multitude of boats of all descriptions for the use of visitors. The proprietor has caused the grove to be cleared out and seats placed in various parts of it; while the pond itself is quite surrounded by a walk. Its shores are smoothed down in the best manner, and its water filled with fine pickerel and perch, which fearlessly and with great dignity swim quite to the waters edge. It is very pleasant on a fine day to take a boat, and move leisurely over its calm bosom, or pausing drop a hook to entangle the finny tribes. There are many visitors to this place on almost any day in the summer months, but on Sunday comes the "grand rush," for then multitudes of loafers from the city crowd its shores and cover its beautiful surface to pass away the listless day. In winter enormous quantities of ice are taken from it for the use of the city, and for shipping to foreign ports.

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